

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1914.—Copyright, 1914, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association.

## SWIFT REVERSAL TO BARBARISM WHEN WAR CAME IN AN HOUR

Vance Thompson Tells How the Machinery of European Civilization Stopped Suddenly—Scenes of Hysteria in Germany, of Panic on the Frontier—Those on Whom the Real Stress of War Falls

BY VANCE THOMPSON.

### The Kissing of the Sword.

There is in Brussels—a mad and monstrous picture. It is called "A Scene in Hell" and hangs in the Musée Wiertz. And what you see on the canvas are the fierce and blinding flames of hell, and amid them the dark figure of Napoleon, and around him the wives and mothers and maids of Belgium scream and surge and clutch and curse—taking their posthumous vengeance.

And since Napoleon was a notable Emperor in his time, the picture is not without significance to-day. Paint in another face, and let it go at that.

War is a bad thing. Even hell is the worse for it.

War is a bad thing. It is a reversal, sudden and complete, of barbarism. That is what I would get at in this article. One day there is civilization, authentic, complex, triumphant; comes war, and in a moment the entire fabric sinks down into a slime of mud and blood. In a day, in an hour, a cycle of civilization is cancelled. What you see in the morning was suave and cultured life, and the sun sets on howling savagery. In the morning black coated men lifted their hats to women. The night fall they are slashing them with sabres and burning the houses over their heads. And the grave old professors who were droning platitudes of peace and progress and humanitarianism are screaming, ere to-day, in dire, shrill, senseless clamors for blood and revenge and rapine. (Not less shrill than others is the senseless yelp of that good old man Ernst Haackel, under whom I studied in my youth.)

A reversal to barbarism.

Here it is in the tea room of the grand hotel in Munich. War has come, high and women of title chatter over their tea-cups, comes swarthy, in the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, he has just had his sabre sharpened and has girt his abdomen for war. His wife runs to him. And she kisses the sabre and shouts: "Bring it back to me covered with blood—that I may kiss it again!" And the other high-kicked women flock to kiss the sword.

A reversal to barbarism.

I have taken place in an hour; but yesterday there were sweet patrician ladies, who prattled of humanity and love and the fair graces of life, and now they would fain wet their mouths with blood—laughingly as harlots wet their mouths with wine.

The unclean and vampirish spirit of war has swept them back to the habits of the cave-dwelling ages of the race. In an hour the culture so painfully acquired in so many generations has been swept away. Royalty, in the tea room of the "Four Seasons," is one with the brute and female who romped and fought in the dark Teutonic forests ere Caesar came through Gaul.

Reversion to barbarism.

War is declared; and in Berlin the Emperor of Germany rides in an open motor car down Unter den Linden, he is in full uniform, sworded, erect, heroic and at his side sits the Empress—the good mother, the housewife, the fond grandmother—garmented from head to foot in cloth of the color of blood.

Theatricalism? No. The symbolism is more significant. The symbol bears a savage significance. It marks, as a red sunset, the going down of civilization and the coming of the dark barbarism of war.

### The Breaking Point of Civilization.

There was war; and the whole machinery of civilization stopped.

Modern civilization is the most complex machine, imaginably, its infinite cogs wheels turn endlessly upon each other, and perfectly it accomplishes its multifarious purposes; but smash one wheel and it all falls apart into mud and ruin. The declaration of war was like smashing a mailed fist into the intricate works of a clock. There was an instant of the perfected machine of civilization. Everything stopped.

That was a queer world we woke in. A world that seemed new, so old it was. Money had ceased to exist. It seemed at that moment an appalling thing, I was on the edge and frontier of a neutral State. I had money in a bank. It ceased to be money. A thousand franc note was paper. A hundred mark note was rubbish. British sovereigns were refused at the railway station. The Swiss shopkeeper would not change a Swiss note. What had seemed money was no money.

Values were told in terms of bread. It was a swift and immediate return to the economic conditions of barbarism. Metals were hoarded; and where there had been trade there was barter, and it all happened in an hour, in that first, nerve panic of war.

Traffic stopped, with a clang as of rusty iron. The mailed fist had dashed the complex machinery of European traffic. Frontiers which had been in the landmarks of travel became suddenly formidable and impassable barriers, guarded by harsh, hysterical men with bayonets.

War makes men brave and courageous? Rubbish! It fills them with the doubts of hysteria and the panic of the unknown. I am not talking of battle, which is a different thing. But I say that men who guarded the German frontier, and I daresay every other frontier, in the first stress of war, were weakened and shaken with veritable hysteria. At Saint Ludwig and Constance those husky soldiers in iron helmets, with shaved heads and beards and outstanding ears, fell into sheer hysterics not because they were bad savages, but simply because

they were hysterical. The fact is worth noting.

It explains many a bloody and infamous deed in the tragic history of sad Alsace and of little Belgium. The war begotten reversal to savagery brought in all the hysteria of the savage man. The gentiles at St. Ludwig struck with muskets and sabres because they were hysterical with terror of the new, unknown state into which they had been plunged, not because they were not men like you and me. Surely the savage Uhlans who

perhaps you are a spy! (The spy mania! Dear Lord, what absurd, bloody and abominable stories I could write of this madness which has Europe by the throat, this madness which is only another form of war hysteria.) A reversal to barbarism; you and the man who was your friend have gone back to the fear and hatred of primitive savages, meeting at the corner of a dark wood. All of humanity we have acquired in the slow way of evolution sloughs off us.

We are savages once more. For

science is dead. All the laboratories

are shut, save those where poison is brewed and destruction is put up in packages. Education has ceased to be the terror of the man who dwelt in a cave. Traffic stopped; and when it stopped civilization fell away from the travellers. That was strange. Take the afternoon of the day war was declared, the date being August 1, in the year of our Lord 1914, and the hour 7:39 P. M., Berlin time. It was the last train that reached the frontier from Paris. Between Delle and Belfort lies a neutral zone about three kilometers—say nearly two and a half miles—in extent. On one side France and invasion and terror and war; on the other side of the zone, the relative safety of Switzerland. Six hundred passengers poured out of the French train at noon into that neutral zone and started to walk to Swiss safety. A blazing August sun; a road of pebbles and stinging, upblown dust.

The passengers had been permitted to bring on the train only what luggage they could carry; so they were laden with bags and coats, dressing bags and jewel cases—all they had deemed most valuable. Mostly women. German ladies fleeing for refuge; Russian ladies; English, American; and a crowd of men, urgent to reach their armies, German, Swiss, Russian, Austrian, Serbian, Italian, withal, many of the kind of American men who go to Switzerland in August.

And the caravan started in the dust and heat of a desert. A woman let fall her heavy bag and plodded on. Another threw away her coats. Men shook off their bundles. The heat was stifling. And through the clouds of dust a panic terror crept. It was the antique terror of the God Pan—the God All! It was a fear as immense as the sky.

A woman screamed and began to run, throwing away everything she had safeguarded so she might run with empty hands. A score followed her. Men began to run. They thrust the women aside, cursing and ran. And for over two miles the road was covered thick with coats and bags, with packages and jewel cases. The greed of possession died out in the causeless fear.

These hoarse, pushing men, these sweating, shameless women had gone back ten thousand years into prehistoric savagery. Lightly they threw away all the baubles and gewgaws civilization had fashioned for adorning and disguising their raw humanity, and the habits of civilization as well.

They had touched but the outermost edge of war, and their very clothes fell off them.

### Barbarism and Women.

War; and it takes eighty-four hours to make a twelve hour journey from the Alps to Paris; the cable is dead; the telegraph is dumb; letters go only when smuggled over the frontiers by couriers; you look about you and find you are in a medieval and mysterious world. You stand amid the melancholy ruins of cancelled cycles. The mailed fist of war has smashed your world to pieces. You do not know it.

The man you thought of as a brother looks at you with eyes of passionate hate; you have eaten bread and salt together; you have drunk together; you have been uplifted by the same books; you have been sublimed by the same music; but he is a German, and your blood was made in another land, and he looks at you with suspicion and hate—

sity has always been the tyrant's plea; it is the business of a soldier to kill and terrify; if he restricts his killing and terrifying he is a bad soldier and bad at his work of barbarism; but—

There is a more sinister side to Europe's lapse into barbarism. The women are paying too dear. And to make them pay dear is not really the business of a soldier, not even a bad soldier. Yet the woman is paying, God knows. A tragic payment.

### After Barbarism, What?

One morning at dawn—it was at Amberg—I saw the long trains go by carrying the German wounded and the German prisoners, who had been taken in the battles of the Vosges. There were 2,000 taken on toward the south. There were French nurses with the wounded. I saw water and fruit and chocolate given to the prisoners.



"A Scene in Hell."

This was early in the war. The sheer lapse into barbarism had not yet come. Soon the German newspapers announced:

"Great concern is expressed in press and public utterances lest prisoners of war receive anything in the line of favored treatment. Newspapers have conducted an angry campaign against women who have ventured at the railway station to give coffee or food to prisoners of war passing through, commanding officers have ordered that persons 'demonstrating themselves by such unworthy conduct' are to be immediately ejected from the stations and in response to public clamor official announcements have been issued that such prisoners in transport receive only bread and water."

And the French followed suit; no "coddling" of prisoners; back to barbarism, the lessons of humanity forgot and savagery come again.

Civilization in the old world is smashed. I have traversed the ruins; and my feet are still dirty with mud and blood. But I can tell you what is going to come out of that welter of ruin. There will come a sane and righteous hatred of militarism. What will be surely destroyed is Caesarism. Prophecy? This is not prophecy; I am stating an assured fact. Even at this hour of hysterical and relentless warfare there lies deep in the heart of the democracy of Europe a consuming hatred of militarism.

Drops of water (or blood) do not more naturally flow into each other than did the English hatred of Caesarism blend with the high French hatred of the evil thing; and when the palaces have done fighting, the cottages of Europe, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and from the Black Sea to the Hebrides, will proclaim its destruction.

And you will see it; you will see Caesarism drowned in the very blood it has shed. And the German, mark you, will not be the least bitter of the foes of militarism. He will be indeed a relentless foe.

Reversion to barbarism, say you? A shuddering lapse into savagery? Quite true; that is the state of Europe over the fairest and most highly civilized provinces. The picture of Sir John French striding up and down the battle line smoking a cigarette does not give a fair idea of it; nor do you get it from the Kaiser on a hilltop surveying his massed war billows surging forth patiently to battle; all that belongs to the picture books of war.

The real thing is dirtier.

### BREAKS ONLY THE BEST.

THEY were preparing to move and the mistress herself was packing the china. She had reached a set of bread and butter plates in which she particularly delighted—a simple white and gold pattern of exquisite fineness—and one was missing. She hunted through the kitchen and half empty pantry, and as a last resort unpacked a neatly closed box she had just finished. She thought of asking Delphine, the faithful old maid, but the effort required to make her hear seemed too great.

Delphine, however, whose keen eyes missed nothing, when she saw her mistress on the point of losing her patience came over to her and explained:

"I'll have to tell you now. I broke one of them things 'tother day. I don't break anything very often, but when I do it's something of some consequence."

FREDERICK LOESER & CO. BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS. FREDERICK LOESER & CO.  
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BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

## A Remarkable Sale of New and Fine Serge-Satin Street Dresses, \$7.50 to \$15

THESE ARE DRESSES made in the smartest and most up-to-date of the styles that Fashion has approved. Included are good examples of the Moyeage, the Basque, the Bedingote and other artistic designs. They are made of the best qualities of satin and of good wearing serge. They are in the most fashionable colors, the newest blues, the dull tones of green, the duskiest of browns, plumé black, etc.

**\$7.50 Serge Dresses, New Model \$4.95**

Usually attractive dresses of a good quality of soft finished serge, loose bodice, long tunic, draped skirt of satin, collars and cuffs of white tulle. The best and most substantial serge dress offered this season anywhere at less than five dollars. For women and misses.

**The Dresses at \$7.50**  
are made of black and navy serge, the tunic in a new gored model. Belt and vest of satin. For women and misses.

**The Dresses at \$9.75**  
A pretty model of serge, more vestee, satin sash. Double box plaited tunic. Also misses' dresses of serge. Moyeage model with plaited tunic, long sleeves, sash and underskirt, fancy buttons. For women and misses.

**500 High Grade Tailored Skirts Values to \$12, at \$3.95**

These skirts are in advanced autumn styles, tailored with a particular care that is never seen in any but high grade merchandise. Their maker is distinguished for the hang of his garments, the indefinable quality of style he puts into them. These are his autumn saris and oversize skirts. They are made of broadcloths, gabardines, wool failles and fine serges, in black, navy and brown. Tunic and slip models, gored, ripple and circular tunics, fitted over the hips and on volants.

Waist sizes from 24 to 30, lengths from 27 to 44. In such a variety of measurement combinations that practically any woman may be fitted at once without alterations.

**The Dresses at \$12.75**

are made of a very fine serge, the bodice and tunic bound with silk braid, satin sleeves, skirt, collar and vestee. Bedingote model. For women and misses.

**The Dresses at \$13.50**

Serge dresses with fitted tunic, bound with silk braid. Satin belt and sash. Fine example of the Moyeage style. For women and misses.

**The Dresses at \$15**

These have satin underbodice and skirt, the Bedingote with fancy shaped belt of the serge. Collar of bengaline silk. Another Moyeage model has skirt, sash and sleeves of satin, white plaited collar and cuffs. A third model, a modified basque, has oversize and tunic of serge, skirt, sash and sleeves of satin. For women and misses.

**130 New Autumn Suits**

**Values \$25 to \$30, at \$15**

These are representative models of the new autumn styles, made of the finest materials—serges, gabardines, Bedford cords, broadcloths, men's wear cloths, striped worsteds, dingonals, etc.

In all the best colors, black, navy, dark green, blue, brown, plumé, etc. Sizes 34 to 40, but not in every style, as this is a manufacturer's open stock and surplusage.

Second Floor, Fulton Street.

## 79c. All Silk Plain Colored Satin Messalines, 39c

AS YOU FEEL THE BODY and quality in these Satins and note the variety and beauty of the colorings the small price seems hardly possible—with every trade paper talking higher prices.

These Silks came from one of the pioneer Silk mills in this country, which is now planning the installation of broad looms. The result of this decision to change is to close out a great stock of Silks already made.

This is a pure Silk-Satin which you may buy at 39c, a yard tomorrow. It is unusually rich, double warp. The SIXTY STILLBORN COLOR SHADES include white, ivory, and blue, pink, blue, champagne, rose, peach, helio, red, apricot, pearl, tan, biscuit, amethyst, tangerine, cedar, mulberry, gray, purple, reseda, American Beauty, navy, midnight blue, plume, wistaria, brown, royal, king blue, wine, garnet, teal-de-negre, Copenhagen, duck blue, lussar, burgundy, sage green, bottle green, raisin, cadet, marine blue, etc.

It is all perfect, so far as we know. This is the first time these fine Silks have ever been sold for less than their original price of 79c. a yard. None will be sent C. O. D., credited or exchanged.

Main Floor, Bond Street.

## Untrimmed Hats, Velvet and Felt Splendid New Shapes, 98c to \$3.50

EVERY WANTED SHAPE of the many new styles that have been launched this season, up-to-date in every particular.

These are special values, particularly for so early in the season, and every one is of irreproachable quality.

Velvet Hats, 98c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50, black and all the fashionable dark shades.

Felt Hats, unusually good quality, very smart and greatly in favor for tailored wear, 98c, to \$2.50. In black and colors.

Second Floor, Elm Place.

## \$1.25 to \$1.50 New Dress Fabrics, 75c

PURE WOOL DRESS FABRICS, 54 inches wide, in a great variety of plain and novelty weaves. Included are dark two-toned stripes and overplands, serges, gabardines, chevrons, etc., in navy, brown, green, amethyst and black.

Sold in Dress and Skirt Lengths Only

**\$3 Imported Black Broadcloth, \$2.25 a Yard.**

One of the finest foreign Broadcloths, a lovely quality. It is a medium weight and with a spot-proof satin luster. 54 inches wide. A full three-dollar value, not to be matched elsewhere, at 75c.

**\$2 and \$2.25 Imported Broadcloths, \$1.49**

In a deep rich black and a true navy. Imported spot-proof satin finished cloths. Full 54 inches wide.

**\$1.10 Worsteds Granite Cloths, 69c**

Satin finished Broadcloth in subdued stripes, some of them almost invisible, in dark rich colorings, navy, amethyst, taupe, brown, etc. It is 54 inches wide and a full \$2.25 value.

Second Floor, Elm Place.

**\$2.50 Striped Broadcloth, \$1.49**

Satin finished Broadcloth in subdued stripes, some of them almost invisible, in dark rich colorings, navy, amethyst, taupe, brown, etc. It is 54 inches wide and a full \$2.25 value.

Second Floor, Elm Place.

## High Class, New Model Waists

**\$6 to \$15 Standards at \$4.50**

THERE IS ONLY ONE FAULT with this Sale of high class Waists, and that is the small quantity—only 175 of them.

The standards are superb, the handsomest Waists shown for months at \$6 to \$15. The styles are of the newest. They are as beautiful as they are individual. Included are a few Basque models and some beautiful Roman striped silks. There are Waists of chiffon, of crepe de chine and of handsome silks. All new models, all open front; some of them lined with silk chiffon with vest front of fine lace. Some with vest-crope tops of organdie, some with the new flare plait collars.

Some have lace collars. A few of the very fashionable striped crepe de chine. The colors are navy, Copenhagen, tango, chartreuse, green, etc., a few of black and some in white.

One or two of a style, the pretty models that a good maker is closing out. A few of lace are included and these are very dressy. As these are one-of-a-kind models, none will be sent C. O. D., no mail or telephone orders will be filled.

**69c. for Middy Blouses, Value to \$1**

Assorted sizes, white with trimmings of color, some with emblems on the sleeve. Very exceptional value.

**New Roman Stripe Waists, \$2.98**

They are made of a very good quality of messaline, striped in the rich color combinations that are so fashionable. Shoulder and sleeves seamed with braid. V-neck with fancy revers, collar and turn back cuffs of white faille. Mounted on waistband.

**\$4 to \$6 Waists, \$2.98. Main Floor**

A collection of handsome Waists in the new models, styles right for wear now and through the autumn. Some are from our own stocks, some are manufacturers' clearances. Lingerie, crepe de chine, silk and other styles, smartly designed and well made. A few chiffon Waists are included, extra values. Some fine voile Waists, trimmed with embroidery and with lace are remarkably attractive.

Second Floor.

## Imported and American Nottingham Lace Curtains

**2000 Pairs. 150 Handsome Patterns**

**Third to Almost Half Under Regular**

CONTINUING THE EARLY SEPTEMBER SALES of Lace Curtains we tomorrow present one of the finest collections of imported and American made Nottingham Lace Curtains for prices that are surprisingly low.

These Curtains for the most part are discontinued patterns from several of the best manufacturers and they show a variety of Brussels, Flit and Cable Net, French and other attractive styles.

With the thoughts of fall outfitting foremost in mind we believe this event will interest housewives everywhere. Here are price details:

48c. a pair instead of 70c. 50c. a pair instead of 75c. 55c. a pair instead of 80c. 60c. a pair instead of 85c. 65c. a pair instead of 90c. 70c. a pair instead of 95c. 75c. a pair instead of 100c. 80c. a pair instead of 105c. 85c. a pair instead of 110c. 90c. a pair instead of 115c. 95c. a pair instead of 120c. 100c. a pair instead of 125c. 105c. a pair instead of 130c. 110c. a pair instead of 135c. 115c. a pair instead of 140c. 120c. a pair instead of 145c. 125c. a pair instead of 150c. 130c. a pair instead of 155c. 135c. a pair instead of 160c. 140c. a pair instead of 165c. 145c. a pair instead of 170c. 150c. a pair instead of 175c. 155c. a pair instead of 180c. 160c. a pair instead of 185c. 165c. a pair instead of 190c. 170c. a pair instead of 195c. 175c. a pair instead of 200c. 180c. a pair instead of 205c. 185c. a pair instead of 210c. 190c. a pair instead of 215c. 195c. a pair instead of 220c. 200c. a pair instead of 225c. 205c. a pair instead of 230c. 210c. a pair instead of 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